

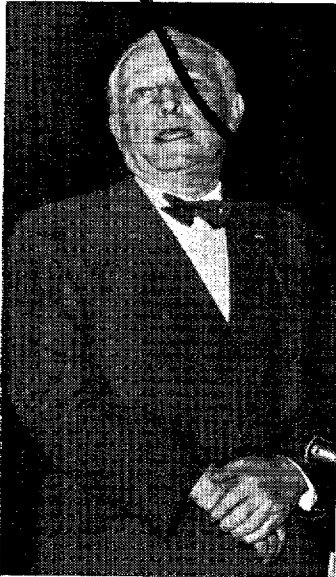
## Timetable

The prospects:

**Tax Cuts:** Passed by the House, but locked in Conservative Democrat Harry Byrd's Senate Finance Committee, and won't even get to the Senate floor before Dec. 30, at which point the Senate plans to adjourn for the Christmas holidays until Jan. 2.

**Civil Rights Bill:** Locked in House committees until the first week of December. If it gets to the Senate, it faces a filibuster.

The betting: no tax cuts or civil rights bill this year.



DODD

A good old-fashioned exchange of insults.

## Skunk at a Lawn Party

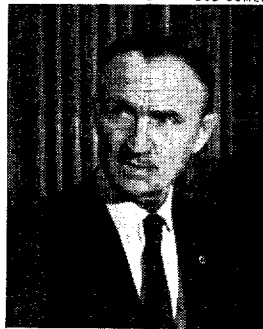
Perhaps Connecticut's unpredictable Democratic Senator Thomas J. Dodd just wanted to liven things up. He rose in the Senate chamber early one evening last week and demanded to know why his colleagues were preparing to recess, when it was only a little past 6 p.m. The Senate has been keeping Wall Street hours of late, he complained.

With that for a starter, Dodd proceeded to unleash a lengthy criticism of both the Democratic and Republican leadership. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, he said, was a kind, gentle, understanding, noble fellow, and all that. But "I worry about his leadership . . . I wish our leader would be more of a leader. We are being frivolous with the people's business." Dodd did not refer to Minority Leader Everett Dirksen by name but called the Republican opposition "so soft, so cozy, that it does not count for much."

Well, it has indeed been a tedious Senate year. But Dodd's outburst was most unclubby, and his victims had to answer him when they got there—which was next day. An exchange of insults is rare in the Senate these days, and it was plain that there has been some decline in the art of invective.

As it to illustrate Dodd's charge, Mike Mansfield offered a kind, gentle, understanding, noble explanation of why things are slow at the Senate (everything is locked up in committees). He admitted that he himself is "dull and dreary" but insisted that he was not about to turn the Senate into a "Roman holiday or sideshow."

Ev Dirksen was in his most Vesuvian oratorical humor. Dodd's criticisms, he cried, amounted to "incoherencies." Noting that Dodd had not yet arrived



MANSFIELD



DIRKSEN

on the floor, Dirksen said that "the brave crusader from the Nutmeg State on his white charger has great zeal for being here and getting on with business, and he is not here."

Soon Dodd arrived to detail his complaints. "I do not believe a similar situation can be found in the entire history of the Senate," he said. "The whole Senate seems to be pervaded by a spirit of lethargy."

Based on the record of the 1963 Senate so far, Dodd had a point, but Dirksen still felt mortally wounded. "Mr. President," he cried, "I would be the last Senator ever to use the Senate chamber for a glorified wailing wall." It so happens, said Dirksen, that he and many others have a lot of chores to keep them busy. But "it may be that the distinguished Senator from the Nutmeg State does not have anything to do in his office." And if Dodd wanted an answer to his complaint about Senate inaction, Dirksen shouted, "I will answer the distinguished Senator from Connecticut, and he will know well that he will have been answered when I am through!"

Dodd: I would be happy to have the Senator make his answer!

Dirksen: I will answer in my own good time!

Dodd: I hope the Senator will have the courtesy to let me know.

Dirksen: The Senator is not around enough. I can prove it . . . If the Senator wishes to stay here until midnight, we can keep him here! . . .

Dodd: He does not frighten me if that is his purpose with his menacing words addressed to me, and the implications. So I say to the Senator from Illinois, "Come on with your answer. I will be here too."

Dirksen: The answer will come, but it will not come to the floor in a 20-page effusion, first having delivered it to the press, to make it appear what a great crusader the Senator from Connecticut purports to be, emotionalizing on a 24-hour Senate day!

Dodd: I did not.

Later that day Tom Dodd sheepishly rose on the floor to confess that he "felt like a skunk at a lawn party." He had gotten a call from Mansfield, and "it made me feel like a peanut." Mansfield, said Dodd, is a "gentle, decent, honest man, a great soul . . . We do have wonderful men leading us."

## FOREIGN AID

## Chip, Chip, Chip

The U.S. Senate was chipping remorselessly away at the foreign aid program, and at week's end President Kennedy urgently called for a halt.

"There are those who find it politically convenient to denounce foreign aid with one breath and the Communist menace with another," said the President in a Manhattan speech before the Protestant Council of the City of New York, which gave him its first annual Family of Man Award. "I do not say there have been no mistakes in aid administration. I do not say it has purchased for us lasting popularity or servile satellites. I do say that it has substituted strength for weakness all over the globe, encouraging nations struggling to be free to stand on their own two feet. To weaken and water down the pending program, to confuse and confine its flexibility with rigid restrictions and rejections, will not only harm our economy; it will hamper our security. It will waste our present investment."

**Less Than Lipstick?** Noting that the Congress seemed set to cut at least \$600 million from the \$4.2 billion foreign aid authorization recommended by its Foreign Relations Committee, Kennedy asked: "Is this nation stating that it cannot afford an additional \$600 million to help the developing nations of the world become strong and free—an amount less than this country's annual outlay for lipstick, face cream and chewing gum? Are we saying that we cannot help our 19 needy neighbors in Latin America with a greater effort than the Communist bloc is making in the single island of Cuba?"

State Secretary Rusk reinforced Kennedy's plea. Said Rusk at a televised press conference: "I am very much concerned about the tendency in the Con-

## THE SECOND MOST IMPORTANT BROTHERS IN WASHINGTON

AS the crisis in Viet Nam unfolded, President Kennedy naturally consulted with Brother Bobby. Later he conferred with Special Assistant McGeorge Bundy, 44, the former Harvard dean who now supervises national security affairs from a White House office. Having heard what Mac had to say, the President asked: "Why don't you find out what your brother thinks?"

The question came naturally—for McGeorge and William Putnam Bundy, 46, have become the New Frontier's No. 2 brother team. Mac is the more widely known. But Bill, a twelve-year veteran of Government service, is regarded as one of Washington's most knowledgeable men on Asia and on the U.S. military assistance program. In September, he accompanied Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Joint Chiefs Chairman Maxwell Taylor on their Viet Nam tour as a top adviser. As the newly named Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, he runs a 360-man shop and is, in effect, the Pentagon's "Secretary of State."

"Which One?" Both Bundys are close to the mainsprings of power. Last fall, while McGeorge was setting up the now-famed "ExComm" to handle the Cuba crisis, Bill was running a command post of his own at the Pentagon to rush arms to India in the wake of the Red Chinese border invasion. During last week's Viet Nam crisis, the two sat side by side at conferences in the White House Cabinet Room. When Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger announced after one meeting, "Bundy was there," reporters shouted, "Which one?" The brothers phone one another frequently—and not to chat about Bill's three kids or Mac's four. Says Bill: "He will start, 'The President wants . . . ' and I will answer, 'The Secretary doesn't know about this yet, but . . .'"

Like the Kennedys, the Bundys grew up in a big, lively Boston family that put performance at a premium. Their father, Harvey Hollister Bundy, was an outlander from Grand Rapids who made good as a lawyer in Boston, later served as Henry Stimson's assistant in the Hoover and F.D.R. administrations. Their mother, a niece of longtime Harvard President A. Lawrence Lowell and Poetess Amy Lowell, was a leading light of Boston's intellectual and social communities. Around the Bundy dinner table, conversation among the parents and five children was always so spirited that the family motto became DON'T TALK WHILE I'M INTERRUPTING.



BILL

MAC

**Hairline Edge.** Except in height—Bill is a spidery 6 ft. 4 in. tall, Mac a solidly built 5 ft. 10 in.—the two look remarkably alike, with Wally Cox-type faces and plastic-rimmed glasses. A year apart, both finished first at Groton. Both were Phi Beta Kappa at Yale, and both were tapped for Eli's elite society, Skull and Bones. Both enlisted as privates during World War II, emerged as officers. But Mac always seemed to have a hairline edge. "He was more outstanding at Groton," says a friend, "a little more dazzling at Yale."

Bill, a lifelong Democrat, joined the Central Intelligence Agency in 1951, soon locked horns with the late Senator Joe McCarthy over a \$400 contribution he had made to a defense fund for Alger Hiss. "I believed him worthy of a full defense," he says, "and the Hiss family didn't have the means." The fact that Bill was married to the daughter of McCarthy's archfoe, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, did not exactly endear him to the Senator. Neither did the fact that McGeorge Bundy, though a Republican himself, had edited Dean Acheson's state papers, *The Pattern of Responsibility*, and written a foreword pointedly rebutting McCarthy's diatribes.

CIA Boss Allen Dulles fended McCarthy off, and Bill Bundy served as his deputy for nearly ten years. In 1961, Kennedy moved him to the Pentagon, and his new office in the outermost "E" ring is just down the hall from where his father used to operate under Stimson.

**God on Sunday.** Mac joined the Government via a more circuitous route. After the war he helped Stimson write his fine memoirs, *On Active Service in Peace and War*, joined the Harvard faculty in 1949 as a lecturer. Within four years he became the first Yale-educated dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences, one of the top jobs in U.S. education.

McGeorge Bundy was only 34 at the time, and the combination of his meteoric rise and his abrasive manner-

isms made him a juicy target. Harvard's humor magazine, the *Lampoon*, found the mark:

*McGeorge Bundy,  
Born on Monday,  
Groton on Tuesday,  
Yale on Wednesday,  
Army on Thursday,  
Harvard on Friday,  
Dean on Saturday,  
God on Sunday.*

As dean, Bundy renewed his acquaintance with Harvard Overseer John F. Kennedy. The two sat together during the 1960 commencement, and not long afterward Bundy publicly endorsed Kennedy for the presidency.

Kennedy made Mac his chief aide on national security. Operating out of the west wing of the White House, he funnels important reports to the President, sees him half a dozen times a day. Partly because he owes no political debt to Kennedy, partly because the two are temperamentally alike in their appreciation of power and their delight in decision making, their relationship is frank and unstrained. Kennedy has no Sherman Adams, but Bundy is one of the handful of men who comprise an informal general staff for the President.

**"Big Mac."** Both Bundys come in for a good measure of criticism, McGeorge more than Bill. Because of his deep involvement in foreign policy and his closeness to the President, State Department types call McGeorge "the usurper" and "Rover boy." Three years in Washington have mellowed and humbled him somewhat—he was particularly shaken by the Bay of Pigs fiasco, a project he backed wholeheartedly—but some acquaintances still complain of his intellectual arrogance, and one official refers to him as "the coldest fish around." At the Pentagon, Bill is occasionally accused of a lack of imagination and a Brahmin disdain for his colleagues, but that is a minority view.

Inevitably, the two are also avidly compared by acquaintances. "Bill is less driven," says one friend. "Mac is tougher and more aggressive and perhaps more incisive," says another. Watching the two Bundys operate during the Viet Nam crisis, newsmen came up with their own evaluation. Inspired by the references to "Big Minh" and "Little Minh" in dispatches from Saigon, they took to referring to the Bundys as "Big Mac" and "Little Mac." By "Big Mac," they meant McGeorge, who though the younger and shorter by half a foot is presently the more powerful of the two. From the looks of things, though, a little fraternal rivalry can be expected from now on.